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Pretty Tales,

CONTAINING

FIVE ENTERTAINING STORIES,

For the Amusement and Instruction.

OF

LITTLE CHILDREN.

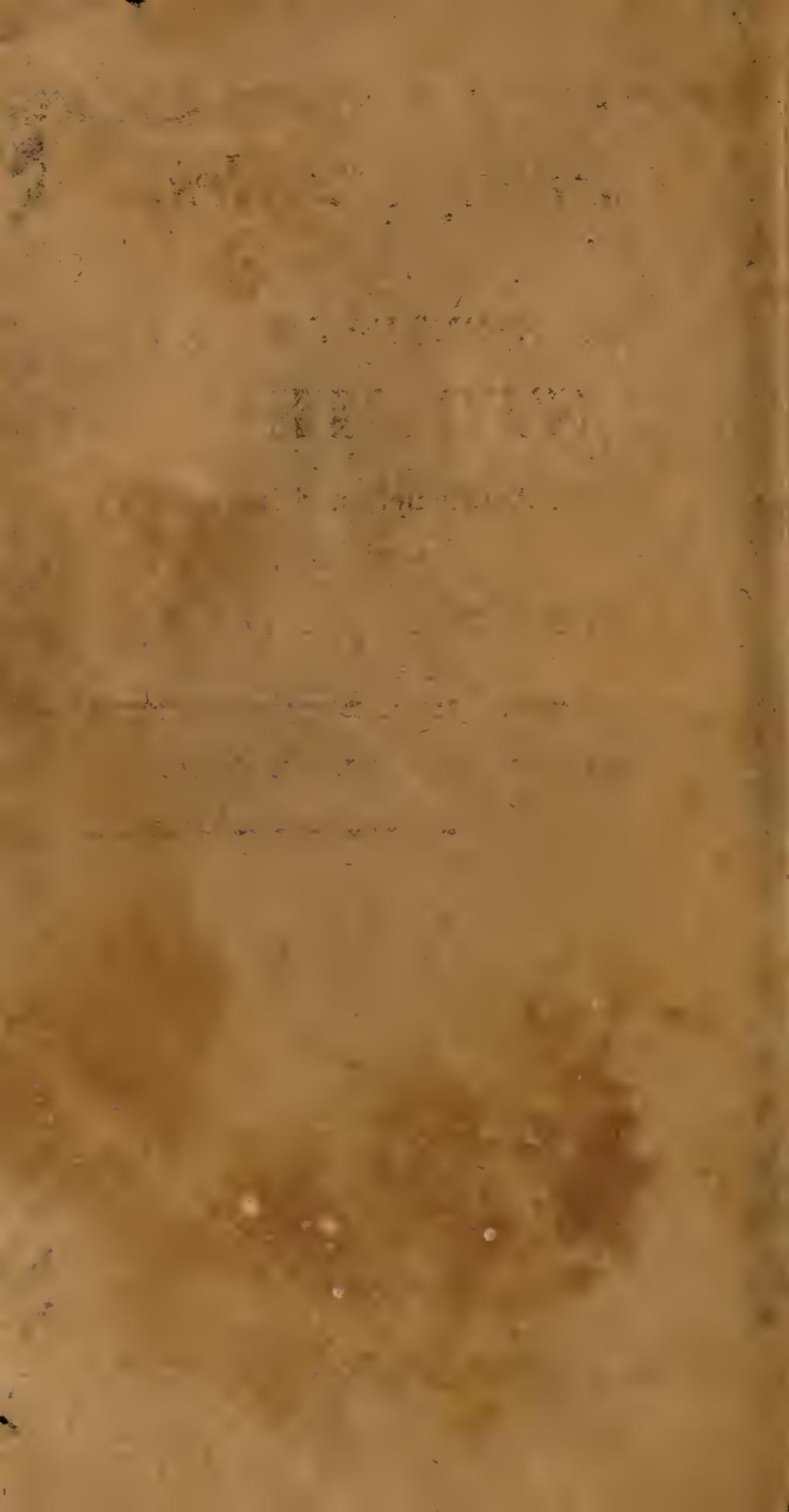
BY TIMOTHY TEACHWELL.



PRICE, TWO-PENCE.

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PRETTY TALES,

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By TIMOTHY TEACHWELL.

CHELMSFORD:

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PRETTY TALES,

&c.

SOLOMON WISEMAN.

MR. WISEMAN was esteemed by all his neighbours, for the gravity of his deportment, his kindness of heart, and simplicity of manners ; he would walk about for hours by himself, ruminating on the works of the creation ; even the most minute of nature's performances came under his researches, nor would he kill any thing, unless it was venomous or unfriendly to mankind.

Walking out one day by the side of a brook, a gnat settled upon his hand, and stung him very sharply, and flew away.

I have done no Harm to this Insect, then why should it thus treat me? (said Wiseman to himself) But why should I wonder at it, when even men will, without provocation, hurt one another, and rob and despoil their neighbours of their goods; nay, some are wicked enough to shed the blood of their fellow creatures, by which means they come to untimely deaths, and are a disgrace to those they belonged to.



JOHNNY BADBOY.

CHILDREN should be very careful what they do, lest not only themselves, but their parents and friends suffer for it.

I'll tell you a story about Johnny Badboy, as pretty a boy to look at as ever was seen; but he was very naughty, and all the advice that was given him by his father and mother was thrown away. Indeed he took delight in mischief and in plaguing all the old women and children in the place; he was fond of climbing trees, and letting off fireworks, and never cared in the least whether he went to school or not, and although he was eight years old, barely knew his letters, which you know is a sad thing indeed: his master was the clergyman of the village, a good man, very gentle, and endeavoured to reclaim Johnny, more by words than stripes: it might have been, if he had been under a tutor, he would have been a better boy. All the little nonsensical plays that could be thought on were his de-



light ; but that would not possibly have been so much to his discredit, if he had not been cruel. He would catch butterflies, and pull off their heads, or wings, or legs, one after another, and seemed pleased at the poor things pain : however, one day, as he was going to seize one that was settled on a rose, being rather too eager in the pursuit of the intended little victim, he clasped the flower too hastily, (one with many thorns surrounding it), which not only pierced his finger, but broke a thorn in the fleshy part, which gave him great pain ; however he concealed it from his father and mother for some time, indeed until his finger had become very bad, and his whole hand much swelled.

The doctor was now applied to, who found the part where the thorn lay in a rapid state of mortification, and advised the finger to be cut off immediately to save his life ; this was accordingly done, and he was rather more careful for some time, about what he meddled with too hastily.

But time taught him to lose sight of his caution. It had so happened that it was his left hand that had received the hurt, he got into the habit of using his three fingers and thumb, and soon after became as mischievous as ever.

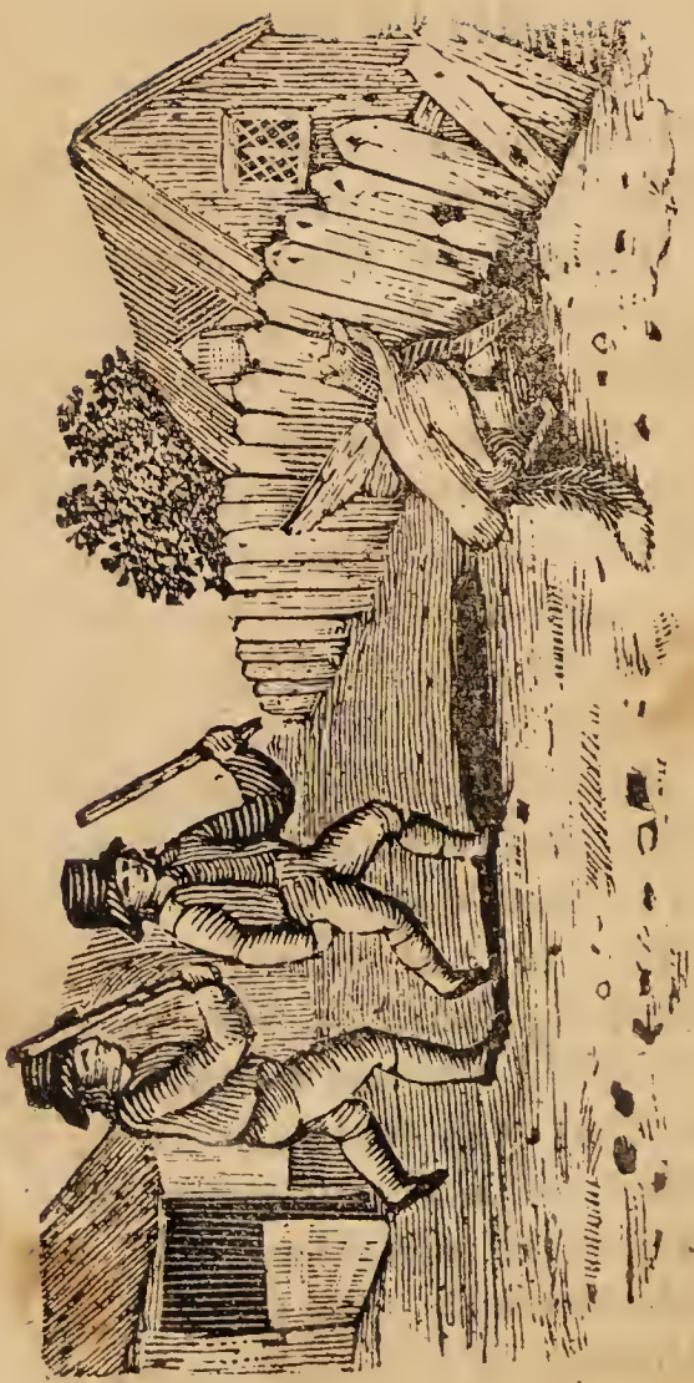


BILLY BLOSSOM.

I WILL now tell you a story about Billy Blossom, and his favourite goose.

Billy, from being a very good boy, had become a great favourite with both his father and mother, and no sooner had an old goose hatched a dozen or more pretty young ones, than Billy was indulged with a choice of any one of them; he chose a speckled one, and took great pains to bring it up, generally feeding it himself every day, 'till at length it grew so tame that it was admirable to see the harmless creature follow him about the yard like a dog.

In course of time it grew to be as fine a looking goose as ever you have seen, and Billy was not a little fond of it. A fox that was well known in the neighbourhood, and who had devoured a great number of chickens and goslings, but whose subtlety was so great that nobody could catch him, set his eye upon Billy's favourite, he thought from its plumpness and beauty it would afford him an exce-



meal, would often about the time
of the birds going to roost, come slyly
and peep through the paling, looking
with watchful eye at the delicate crea-
ture: several times he returned disap-
pointed and fretful, because Billy was
so careful of his dear Jenny, (as he used
to call her) however, the moment of
watchfulness on Billy's part was one
evening forgotten through engagements
at play with several other little boys, the
fox took the advantage of his absence,
and getting over the pales, seized the
poor goose, who croaked out so terribly,
that her cries reached the men who were
thrashing in the barn, who ran out with
all speed, armed with large sticks, to at-
tack him: the ferocious animal was so
intent upon his prey, which from its
weight he could not conveniently carry
off, that he suffered the men to come up
with him, and the first of them gave him
so violent a blow on the head that laid
him dead by the side of the manglea
goose.

No sooner did Billy hear that his pret-
ty goose was killed by the barbarous

animal, than he cried bitterly, and declared he would have foregone his play ten times over rather than it should have happened, and blamed himself much for his want of caution, in not seeing his poor Jenny safely shut up before he joined his playmates.

His father and mother finding him so much concerned, promised him the prettiest little gosling or fowl that could be bought, and Billy being a good boy, dried up his tears, and made himself happy.



THE CAT AND FISH.

I will now tell you another little story, about a cat and a fish.

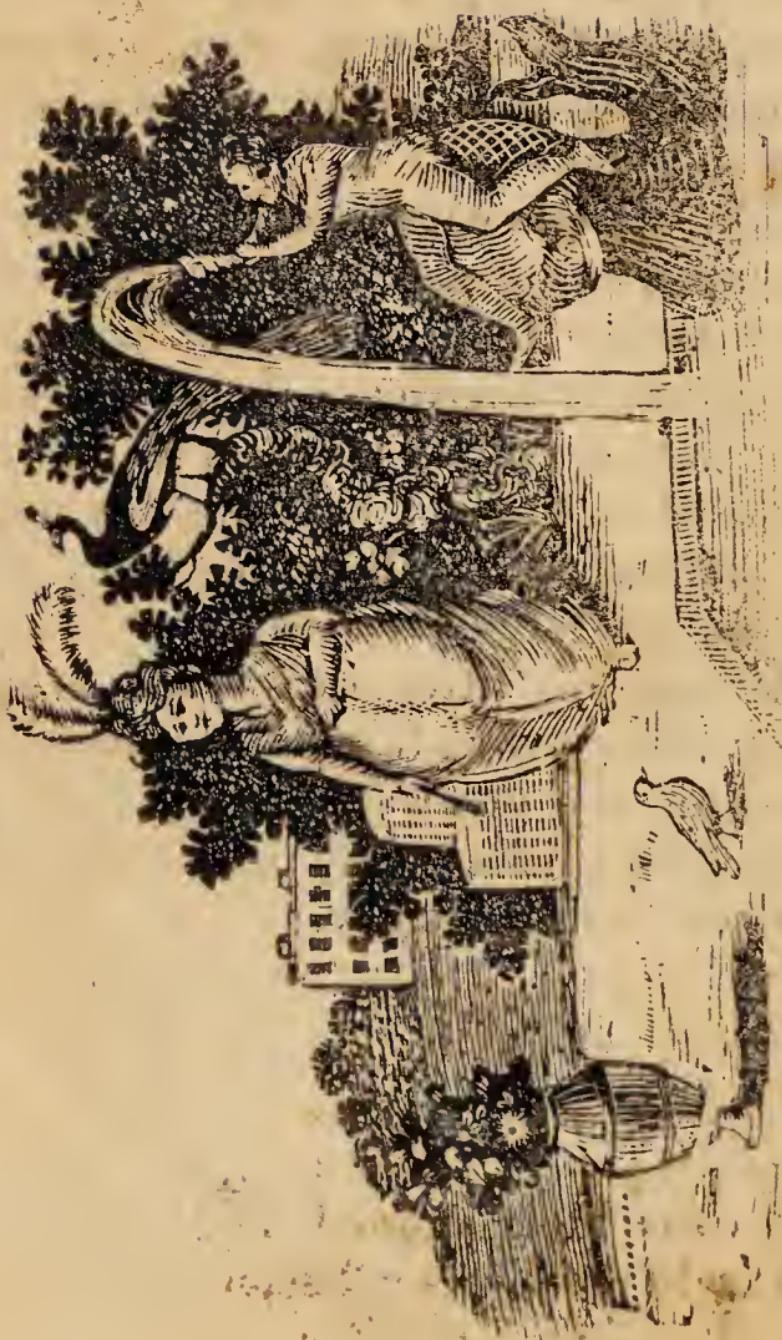
A cat that lived at a mill, would often sit by the side of the mill pond, and amuse herself by seeing the fish jump in the water; at length, having been used to receive from the miller's maid the heads and bones of such fish as were dressed for the family; took a particular liking to that food, indeed she preferred it to that dainty dish among the Grimlin-kin race, called mice, and longed to taste them fresh from the pond, without the aid of Betty's cookery; accordingly, one summer's evening, as she was sitting with wonderful gravity, reflecting on times past, and washing her face and ears with her right fore paw, a large carp, in the height of his play, sprang from the water once or twice, and returned into the pond again near where puss sat: she was captivated with the thoughts of catching it for her prey, and the fish giving another leap nearer than ever to the cat, puss, whose ideas led



her to think she could catch it if she tried, leaped into the stream, the mill being at that time going about, she was at length drawn under the wheel and torn to pieces.

The miller's wife and Betty both saw the disaster happen to puss, but could not save her from the death which she had so justly merited. Little boys and girls have no more business in rivers or ponds than this cat had, and my advice is, that they avoid them, lest they share the same fate.

I hope my little friends you are not tired with reading these little stories; if you are, lay down the book 'till you have had a little play, and then come and read another story.



NANCY WHEATLEY.

NANCY Wheatley had a pretty pigeon, its feathers were of a clay colour, except those which surrounded the neck, and they were of all the colours of the rainbow, no doubt but you must have seen one ; they generally appear in boisterous weather, and are said to be given as a sign that the Almighty will never more destroy this world by a deluge of rain.

This pretty pigeon would sit and coo for hours together, or walk round about Nancy, and sometimes sit on the boughs of a large tree near the house, to hear his little mistress sing.

Nancy had also a peacock, a beautiful bird, who when he spread the feathers of his tail against the sun, it appeared so bright as to dazzle the sight.

The peacock, notwithstanding he was taken a great deal of notice of by Nancy, was not satisfied and happy ; he thought the Pigeon, because it was much smaller than himself, and used to play more familiarly with his mistress, was a greater favourite with her than himself,

he began to be envious, which is very wrong, and found all the fault he could with the Pigeon, often telling that pretty bird of the inferiority of his appearance in comparison to that he made.

The Pigeon, who was conscious of the rectitude of his own heart, slighted such representations, indeed treated them with contempt; the consequence was, that the first opportunity the Peacock had, he gave the Pigeon a blow on the head with one of his pinions, which laid the little victim dead at his feet.

The Peacock gloried in what he had done, happy he thought he should be now his rival was no more; but it was a very short time after that the Peacock was taken very sick, and began to reflect on his misconduct and his cruelty, and the poor Pigeon was almost always uppermost in his thoughts, nor could he die without acknowledging his offence, which no sooner caine to Nancy's ears than she cried sadly, and not without cause when it is considered that her two pretty birds became victims to pride and jealousy.

THE SAD EFFECTS OF QUARRELING.

Two Gentlemen who had been remarkable for friendship, by some means or other which I cannot take upon me to say, quarreled, and their animosities were such, that even the interference of friends could not make it up. They took every opportunity of vilifying each other in speech, wrote both in public and private, and whenever they met they were ready in abusing each other.

Friendly, Sociable, & other neighbours, hearing to what a degree of ill will their resentment had reached, determined to endeavour, once more to bring them within the pale of friendship, or at least of distant respect, appointed a meeting of a number of their friends and acquaintance, and amongst them those quarrelling gentlemen were invited; they came, not knowing that each other were to be of the party. No sooner were they met than the blood reddened in their faces, and it was with trouble their spirits were



kept down 'till dinner was over: endeavours were again used for their reconciliation, but without effect, and before they left the room a challenge to fight passed from one to the other, and it was agreed that the following Saturday was to decide the quarrel in such a manner as to prevent any further disputes.

However, on the following day, being riding in their gigs, they met, and one running foul of the other, one of them was thrown into a pool, which put an end to his life and to the other's peace.

The gentlemen who had taken pains for their settling their business, could not but be sorry for the event, but reconciled its justness to the order of that heaven which it is the duty of all its creatures to obey.



(Marsden, Printer; Chelmsford.

